

The Dove and the Serpent

Devilish Impressions

W framudze smukły krzyż z diamentu płonie -
na ziemi dymi się trumienny krzyż...
W błyskawicznym ścian zaklętych kole
cień stoi smukły - pręży głowę wzwyż -
w cień, co mu z ramion schyla się do czoła -
w cień, co rękami rąk się jego chwyta
i w nieme żalem, w zachwycone usta
całuje smukły cień...

Witness to the mysteries of old times,
resurrect lost ways anew
set my eyes high upon crimson skies
and burn my way right through
descendants of the dark age,
a repressive reign of blame time
and again vile shepherds
revel in their lambs shame

Sinister shades of destiny
symbolic principles of the divine
bitter dogs of Christ
civilization's ultimate decline

Reason outweighed by the cross
infested theatre of redemption
whilst the buried don't lie
swarm the lords of aberration
cleansing storms, broken bones,
a spiritual crown of thorns
marionettes at work in the hands of the king of worms

Invoke me under my stars!
Love is the law, love under will.
Nor let the fools mistake love;
for there are love and love.
There is the dove,
and there is the serpent.

Malarky of a kingdom above all
the omnipotent and his bastard son enthroned
...weeping saviour,
self-proclaimed ruler to a land beyond